Alla stucatho carries it away,
Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?
Tib. What wouldst thou haue with me?
M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall vse mee hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you plucke your sword out of his pilcher by the eares? make haste, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.
Tib. I am for you.
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.
Mer. Come sir, your Passado.
Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage,
Tybalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expresly hath
Forbid this bandying in *Verona* streetes,
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houses, I am sped,
Is he gone and hath nothing.
Ben. What art thou hurt?
Mer I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marrie tis inough,
Where is my Page? go villaine, fetch a Surgion.
Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and you shall finde me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houses, sounds a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death: a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the book of arithmatick, why the deule came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.
Ro. I thought all for the best.
Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,

Or

Or I shall faint, a plague a both your houses,
They haue made wormes meate of me,
I haue it, and soundly, to your houses. *Exit.*

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath got this mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation staind
With *Tybalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath bene my Cozen, O sweete *Iuliet*,
Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valours steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Clowdes,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.
Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on mo daies doth depēd,
This but begins, the wo others must end.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* backe againe.
Ro. He gan in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine,
Away to heauen, respectiue lenitie,
And fier end furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tybalt* take the villaine backe againe,
That late thou gauest me, for *Mercutios* soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.
Ty. Thou wretched boy that didst cōsort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Ro. This shall determine that.
They Fight. Tibalt *falles.*
Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* slaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince wil doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence be gone away.

Ro. O